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DIVINE MODEL

OR
CHRISTIAN EXEMPLAR

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE DRAM SHOP.



DUBLIN

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DIVINE MODEL, &c.

“**E**NDEAVOUR to imitate your Saviour,” said Mrs. Bingham, one evening, to her maid Martha, whom she was carefully instructing in the duties of religion. “Imitate my Saviour!” repeated Martha; “dear Madam! I thought he was so much raised above us, that it would be quite presumptuous to try to be like him.”

“It is true, Martha,” replied Mrs. Bingham, “we can never be as perfect as our divine Master, but the nearer we approach to the example he has set us, the better we shall be at all ages, and in every situation of life. When you were learning to write, you know you did not object to Miss Julia’s giving you good copies, though you was well convinced it was totally out of your power to equal them.”

“But,



"But, Ma'am," again returned Martha, "how can such a one as I imitate my Saviour? Did not he come down from Heaven, on purpose to live and to die for the sake of mankind? Now you know it is not in my power to do any such thing. I cannot raise dead persons to life, and heal the sick, and give sight to the blind, and make the lame walk. Besides, how can I go about to teach others, when I am so ignorant, and so much in need of instruction myself."

"I well know," said Mrs. Bingham, "that neither you nor any of us can exactly perform the same actions as our Saviour did, I only meant that we should endeavour to be guided by the same principle. What do you think prompted him to be so wonderfully condescending, as to leave that glory of happiness he enjoyed in Heaven, and to take our nature upon him, with all its wants and infirmities? Certainly nothing but an earnest desire to do the will of his Heavenly Father, and to prove his love to man. By these dispositions our Saviour was actuated during his whole stay on earth; and these dispositions should be cultivated by all his disciples."

"Very true, Madam," said Martha.

"From our Saviour," continued Mrs. Bingham, "we learn the duty of prayer. Sometimes he passed the whole night in devotion. He never joined in a meal, but he
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first thanked God for the food he had provided ; and when he raised Lazarus from the dead, he piously expressed his gratitude to his Heavenly Father, for enabling him to perform that wonderful miracle."

" O yes, Ma'am," said Martha, " I remember we often hear of his praying."

" Our Blessed Lord too has taught us," proceeded Mrs. Bingham, " to bear provocation, and even to forgive the greatest injuries. Should we not be ashamed of being put out of patience upon every trifling occasion, when we see with what mildness the Son of God bore with the neglect and dullness of his disciples ? How cordially, upon Peter's repentance, he forgave his denial, and how earnestly he prayed for his murderers, while hanging on the cross, to which they had nailed him."

" Dear ! I wonder I never thought of this before," said Martha. " Is there any other way, Ma'am, in which we may imitate our Saviour ?"

" Yes, Martha, we may imitate his *humility*. He chose to be born in an humble station, and aimed at no earthly riches or distinction. By condescending to wash the feet of his disciples, he proved to us, that we should never be above stooping to the lowest offices for the good of others. The *benevolence* of Jesus, I just now indeed recommended to your imitation. We cannot, it
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is true, like him, work a miracle to supply the wants of a multitude: but though we are placed in a low station, we may sometimes have it in our power, from our own scanty meal, to supply the hungry with a mouthful of bread. We cannot cure the sick with speaking a word; but we may by nursing them with tenderness, promote their recovery, or at least administer to their comfort. In our own troubles, we learn *resignation* from our Saviour's example. In his agony, just before his crucifixion, his only prayer to God was, that if he was willing, he would remove from him the distress he at that moment endured, but that, nevertheless, God's will might be done. In the cruel treatment he afterwards met with, not a single complaint escaped him. He seemed to be more concerned for his country, his mother, and his friends, than for his own sufferings. In short, Martha, if you examine with attention the life of our Saviour, you will find that he has himself set us the example of every virtue which he has commanded us to practise."

Martha would have been glad that her mistress should have proceeded farther; but the bell rang, and Mrs. Bingham was obliged to join her family in the supper parlour.

Martha was a pious, well disposed young woman. She had never before considered, that one design of our Saviour's abode on earth,

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earth, was "to set us an example that we should follow his steps;" but the moment it was suggested to her, she rejoiced to think that it was in any degree in her power to imitate the Lord of Glory; and she determined to make it her endeavour in whatever she engaged, to reflect how her Saviour would have acted in the same circumstances.

In her prayers the next morning, she did not fail to implore God to assist her to keep her good resolutions, for she well knew, that she was frail and sinful, and that nothing but Almighty grace could enable her to make any improvement.

Sally Hague was a girl about thirteen years of age, whom Mrs. Bingham had taken into her family, partly out of compassion to her parents, and partly from consideration to Martha, who having a great deal, both of house-work and needle-work, to do, she thought stood in need of some assistance.

Martha was too good a woman to make a slave of Sally, as is unhappily the practice of some servants who have girls under them, as it is called; but her natural disposition was hasty, and Sally's extreme dulness often put her patience to the proof, and she was apt to reprove her in a sharp tone of voice.

It was Sally's business to put the study to rights against her master came down. Martha had several times shewn her how to do it; but

but on going into the room the morning after the above-mentioned conversation with her mistress, she found the books piled upon a wrong shelf, her chairs out of their proper places, the dust left in a corner, and not a spark of fire to be seen.

"Why, you plaguy torment," said she, in an angry manner, "what in the world have you been doing these two hours? I wish with all my heart my mistress had never hired you, for I'll be hanged if you do not make more work than you save. Now my master will be down in a few minutes, and nothing will be ready, and then a fine noise I shall have in my ears I suppose."—"I am very sorry," said Sally, with tears in her eyes. "But cannot I do any thing now?" "You do any thing," repeated Martha; "no, nothing but go about your business. You are always in my way, you awkward huffey!"

Sally walked slowly and sorrowfully to the other end of the room, and Martha, who was banging about the tongs and poker with the utmost violence, blushed to think how soon she had broken her resolution. She compared her abusive language to this poor girl, with the mild rebuke of our Lord to his disciples for their repeated drowsiness, at a time when he stood in most need of friendly consolation. Desirous of imitating his example, she determined to conquer her ill humour,

humour, let it cost her what it would ; and calling Sally in a milder voice, she said, " Come and let me shew you how to light the fire. You should not cram the stove with coals, and scatter the wood in separate places ; that will never do. You should put the sticks across one another at the bottom in the front of the grate, then put the large cinders lightly over them, and a few round coals on the top, and afterwards, with a piece of lighted paper, you must set fire to the sticks through the bottom bars : then it will burn up presently. Come, do not cry, there's a good girl ! You'll do better to-morrow." Just as she said these words, her master came into the room much earlier than usual ; finding his books moved from their proper place, and his study in confusion, he flew into a violent passion, and cursed and abused Martha in the most dreadful manner.

Martha did not attempt to vindicate herself, by laying the blame upon Sally ; for she remembered that her Saviour, though loaded with false accusations, *held his peace* ; yet, when Mr. Bingham had left the room, as she brooded over the hard names by which he had called her, she felt by no means inclined to forgive him ; and had an opportunity at that moment occurred, she could have liked to have revenged herself.

To overcome this vindictive frame of mind, which she was conscious was displeasing

sing to the Almighty, she reflected on the affectionate lamentation of our Saviour over Jerusalem, in which city he had been so often ill treated. She thought too of his prayer for his murderers: *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* "Was this the way," said she, "that the blessed Jesus behaved to his enemies, and shall not I pardon a few passionate words? Shall I not forgive him, whom upon repentance God will forgive, and for whom Christ died?" She prayed a moment for a better temper, and she quitted the study, which she had now finished, in a quiet and composed frame of mind.

After breakfast, as she was wiping away the crumbs, a large piece of bread fell into the ashes. No matter, said she to herself, it is but the bottom of a loaf, and we may as well begin upon a new one at luncheon. The words of her Saviour, *Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost!* concurred to her memory, and she picked up the bread immediately. She remembered that these words were spoken at a time when Jesus Christ had been proving that he had all nature at his command, by the wonderful supply he had furnished. Perhaps, thought she, when the broken pieces of bread and fish were spread over the grass they did not look of much value, yet we are told they were sufficient to fill twelve baskets. If all
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the scraps of this large family were fairly eaten, how many pounds of victuals would it save in the course of a year. It is possible my Master and Mistress would then give so much more to the poor; at least, the money that buys the food is theirs, and we have no right to squander it.

In the evening as the man and maids were sitting together, the yard bell rung. John said, it was not his place to answer the back bell. Sally was up stairs, Betty and Ann, who were at work, accused John of ill-nature, and declared they would not stir if the people rang the bell till they broke it. Martha was beginning to make the same silly declaration, but she ran to the gate on recollecting the words of our Saviour, that *whosoever will be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all: For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.*

Martha, like the rest of the world, loved her own ease and convenience; she was fond of being treated with respect; she could not bear to be thought lightly of, and was disposed to stand up for her rights with whoever should oppose them; yet when she considered the Redeemer of mankind condescended to lay aside his glory for our sakes, and that instead of being born as a great prince, in which situation he might have had
thousands

thousands at his command, he took upon him the form of a poor man, and gave up all his time to the good of others, she was ashamed of her own pride and selfishness. Not a day passed but afforded some opportunities of subduing these bad dispositions, by the imitation of the glorious example she had set herself to follow. The attempt was for a long time attended with the greatest difficulty, but her own endeavours, and divine grace, in the end, so far succeeded, that it appeared natural to her in most instances, generously to prefer others to herself. Did a small piece of pudding, or a custard or two come out of the parlour, Martha, instead of insisting upon a right to a part, was willing to give up her share to the others. Were there any little perquisites respecting which it was difficult to decide to which of the servants they properly belonged, Martha was the first to wave her claim.

Perhaps it may be thought, that by thus laying herself open to be imposed upon by others, she must have led a miserable life. But I will venture to say, that the disputes she avoided, and the love and good will of her fellow-servants, which she effectually gained, more than compensated for these little sacrifices.

Once Martha detected Sally in an atrocious falsehood. This was a crime of which she herself had never been guilty, and of which

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which she had greater horror than of almost any other.

Mortified on finding the pains she had frequently taken to instruct her in her duty, had been attended with so little success, she for some time gave herself no further trouble about her, and even indulged a growing aversion to the girl. One idea, however, often presented itself, and at last prompted her to redouble her diligence, to prevent Sally, if possible, from falling into bad courses.

The Saviour of the world eat and drank with publicans and sinners. The wretches, whom all else beheld with scorn, by him were received with kindness, and directed in the way of everlasting life. And would he, thought Martha, for one crime, have cast off poor ignorant Sally?

It was about two months from the time we introduced Martha to the acquaintance of our readers, when Mary Saunders, a young woman with whom she was intimately acquainted, called to inform her that her Mistress was in want of an upper servant; and that she was certain, if she would engage to come immediately, she might procure the place; which she said, was well worth having, as the wages were ten guineas, and the perquisites valuable. Martha hesitated. Mary would fain have persuaded her to return home with her, and hire herself with Mrs. Freeman

Freeman immediately. This, however, she would by no means consent to; but thanking her friend, promised she should have an answer the next morning.

The moment she was gone, she began to reflect very seriously on the proposal she had received. She could not think, without regret, of quitting Mrs. Bingham, with whom she had lived from a child, and who had always treated her with the utmost kindness. To leave her so suddenly, and for such a reason, would appear both unhandsome and ungrateful: and at this time in particular, as her mistress was under the necessity of going for some weeks into the country, and had several times told her, that she entrusted her aged and infirm mother to her care during her absence. Yet was the temptation very great to enquire after a place, where the profits would be considerably greater than at present; her affections having long been engaged to a worthy young man, to whom she was to be united, as soon as their mutual savings should be sufficient to enable them to furnish a couple of rooms, and purchase a few household materials.

To fortify her mind to decline an alluring advantage, she flew to her usual resource. She perused, in the fourth chapter of St. Matthew, the account of our Sa-

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viour's temptation. From our great ignorance of the nature of evil spirits, it is not easy thoroughly to comprehend the nature of this part of his ministry; yet we may learn from it sufficient to perceive that our Lord was, like us, exposed to temptation, and that he nobly resisted it. This example was not lost upon the worthy Martha. "Whatever it may cost me," said she, "I am determined to do my duty. Jesus Christ delayed not a moment to answer the artful tempter. I will therefore step to Mary directly, and tell her how I have made up my mind. To-morrow morning I may be weaker."

She accordingly, with her Mistress's leave, went to Mrs. Freeman's immediately, and not all the persuasions of Mary Saunders, to whom she was extremely partial, could prevail upon her to alter her determination.

Martha passed but a dull summer. Mrs. Dawson, the old lady of whom she had the care, was so helpless as to require constant attendance. Her spirits were bad, and she suffered much pain, so that she wept and complained incessantly. Martha's youthful vivacity made her desire a more enlivening scene, and her patience was often on the point of being exhausted; but the thought of the tenderness with which our Saviour heard
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the complaints of the miserable objects among whom he past his life, and the readiness with which he relieved them, taught her to substitute pity for disgust, and to endeavour, by every kind of attention, to alleviate the poor lady's sufferings.

But it would be endless to recite all the instances in which Martha profited by seriously contemplating the spotless example of Jesus Christ. Suffice it to say, that by this means she became one of the best of Christians, and most amiable of women. Far, however, from priding herself in her improvement, the practice she had adopted of continually comparing her actions with those of her Saviour, made her more sensible of her deficiencies. Unable, after all her attempts, to equal her exalted model, she felt that she must be indebted to his mediation, if her imperfect endeavours were accepted, and gloriously rewarded by everlasting life.

Though she acted from no worldly view, yet her Heavenly Father graciously thought fit to reward her even in this life. She had soon reason to rejoice that she had not followed the advice of Mary Saunders, as Mr. Freeman became a bankrupt, all his servants were suddenly dismissed, and several received not the full wages due to them. Mrs. Dawson,

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son, at her death, left her a legacy of twenty pounds, as a reward for her fidelity and attention; and shortly after she became possessed of this sum, she made the worthy youth happy who had long loved her, and esteemed her virtues.

A. R.

THE END.



THE DRAM SHOP;

OR, A PEEP INTO A PRISON.

LOOK through the land from North to
South,

And look from East to West ;
And see what is to Irishmen,
Of Life the deadliest pest.

It is not Want, tho' that is bad,
Nor War, tho' that is worse ;
But Ireland's sons endure, alas !
A self-inflicted Curse.

Go where you will throughout the realm,
You'll find that every vice,
In cities, villages, and towns,
From WHISKY takes its rise.

The Prince of Darkness never sent
To man a deadlier foe,
" My name is Legion," it may say,
The source of every woe.

Nor does the fiend alone deprive
The labourer of his wealth ;
That is not all, it murders too
His honest name and health.

We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are, tis 'true,
But Drunkards, to your wives and babes,
They're harder made by you.

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The Drunkard's Tax is self-imposed,
 And hardest to endure,
 Not all the taxes half so much
 Oppress the labouring poor.

The State compels no man to drink,
 Compels no man to game ;
 'Tis vice and WHISKEY sink him down
 To rags, and want and shame.

The kindest husband, chang'd by these
 Is for a tyrant known ;
 The tenderest heart that Nature made,
 Becomes a heart of stone.

In many a house the harmless babes
 Are poorly cloth'd and fed ;
 Because the craving DRAM-SHOP takes
 The children's daily bread.

It oft has robb'd the heedless youth
 Of health and senses too,
 And plung'd his never-dying soul
 In everlasting Woe.

Come, neighbour, take a walk with me,
 Thro' many a Dublin street,
 And see the cause of penury
 In hundreds we shall meet.

We shall not need to travel far—
 Behold that great man's door ;
 He well discerns that idle crew,
 From the deserving poor.

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He will relieve with liberal hand
 The child of honest Thrift;
 But where long scores at DRAM-SHOPS stand
 He will with-hold his gift.

Behold that shivering female there,
 Who plies her woeful trade!
 'Tis WHISKEY, ten to one, you'll find,
 That hopeless wretch has made.

Look down those steps, and view below
 Yon cellar under ground;
 There every want, and every Woe,
 And every sin is found.

Those little wretches trembling there,
 With hunger and with cold,
 Were, by their parents' love of drink,
 To Sin and Misery fold.

Blest be those friends * to human kind,
 Who take those wretches up,
 Ere they have drank the bitter dregs
 Of their sad parents' cup.

Look thro' that prison's iron bars,
 Look thro' that dismal grate;
 And learn what dire misfortune brought
 So terrible a fate.

The Debtor and the Felon too,
 Tho' differing in disgrace,
 By WHISKEY you'll too often find,
 Were brought to that sad place.

* *The Philanthropic Society.*

Yet

Yet Heaven forbid I should confound
 Calamity with guilt !
 Or name the Debtor's leffer fault;
 With blood of brother spilt.

To prison dire misfortunes oft
 The guiltless debtor bring ;
 Yet oft'ner far it will be found
 His Woes from WHISKEY spring.

See the pale Manufact'rer there,
 How lank and lean he lies !
 How haggard is his sickly cheek !
 How dim his hollow eyes !

He plied the loom with good success,
 His wages still were high ;
 Twice what the village lab'rer gains,
 His master did supply.

No book-debts kept from him his cash,
 All paid as soon as due ;
 His wages on the Saturday
 To fail he never knew.

How amply had his gains suffic'd,
 On wife and children spent !
 But all must for his pleasure go ;
 All to the DRAM-SHOP went.

See that Apprentice, young in years,
 But hackney'd long in vice,
 What made him rob his master's till ?
 Ah ! WHISKEY did entice.

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That serving man—I knew him once,
 So jaunty, spruce and smart !
 Why did he steal and pawn the plate ?
 'Twas WHISKEY snar'd his heart.

Turn now thine eye where Channel-row
 Displays yon mansion drear,
 And ask each pale and shiv'ring wretch,
 What misery drove him there.

O ! woeful sight, say what could cause
 Such poverty and shame ?
 Hark ! hear his words, he owns the cause—
 It all from WHISKEY came.

And when the future Lot is fix'd,
 Of darkness, fire, and chains,
 How can the Drunkard hope to 'scape
 Those everlasting pains ?

Since all his claim to heaven he fells,
 And drink the bestial cause,
 Rejects the price his Saviour paid,
 And disobey's his laws.

For if the Murd'rer's doom'd to woe,
 As holy writ declares,
 The Drunkard with SELF-Murderers
 That dreadful portion shares.

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